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drawn as they invariably are by untrained hands,—from left to right, with the face turning toward the left. There was no other way for the cat's tail to point but as it does. I used to object, as a child, to the wrong way the S turned ; but the narrator always went calmly on. The myth of that cat's tail was too firmly grounded to be shaken by the protests of a child.

The "Wild Cat" of the story in the last number of the *Journal* and the "Black Cat" of the "Tommy and Sallie" story given herewith are doubtless more closely akin than at first sight appears. May I venture to trace out some of their possible relations ?

A well-known couplet runs : —

Whenever the cat of the house is black,  
The lasses of lovers will have no lack.

(A statement perhaps borne out in the case of the Sallie whom Tommy goes to see.)

The popular belief that a young woman who is fond of cats will be an old maid is well known. In Thuringia, however, the girl who is kind to cats and makes much of them will marry first. These opposite beliefs are probably the reverse sides of the same mythic idea which makes the cat the symbol of the woman who is unappropriated by a legal male proprietor. In the primitive stages of society, when human beings herded like animals, marriage laws were unknown, and a woman was not necessarily bound by law to a husband as her proprietor. Advancing civilization, which evolved the legal obligation of a woman to be faithful to one man, also cast a slur upon the marriageable woman who remained independent and unattached to any one male proprietor. Hence the disgrace of being "an old maid."

*Ida C. Craddock.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE MONSTER IN THE TREE : AN OJIBWA MYTH.<sup>1</sup> — The following myth was secured in the fall of 1894 at Peonagowink, which is situated on the west bank of the Flint River, in Saginaw County, Michigan. It was related in broken English by an old Ojibwa Indian, now an exhorter in the Indian Methodist church at that place.

In the time of my great-grandfather, in Michigan, a chief, having had a prophetic dream of what he should do, took twelve men to go to war with another tribe. A long distance from home, on their way, one of the men saw what he thought was a bear-tree and told the others of it, saying he thought there was a bear in it. Their leader examined the tree to see if it was so, and said it was not a bear-tree ; that a bear made a different scratch on a tree in climbing. After arguing with them, and telling them they need not go up to see, as he was sure it was not a bear, he found them still dissatisfied with his judgment, and at last allowed one of them to climb up to assure them.

One of the men then climbed to the hole near the top of the tree, and

<sup>1</sup> Presented at the Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society, December 29, 1896.

looking down saw a monster. He cried out to the others, "It is not a bear, it is a monster. We shall all be killed. Run away as fast as you can."

The monster came out of the hole and went down the tree, leaving the man above the opening, and, running after one of those on the ground, killed him, took him in his mouth, and put him into the hole in the tree. In this manner he continued to catch each man, killing him and placing him in his lair in the tree. While he was after the eleventh man, who by this time had run a long distance, the man up in the tree came down and ran in the opposite direction at the top of his speed. Coming to a large river, he swam across and ran on until he saw a lion.

The lion said to him, "You cannot escape the monster. Crawl under me." After the man had done this, the lion told him to sit down a short distance away and said, "I am going to fight with the monster when he comes and will kill him, but not without losing my own life. Then when you go home I want you to bring six white dogs to me."

The monster soon came, and both he and the lion were killed in the battle, as had been predicted.

The Indian went home and selected six white dogs. After securing these, he took them to the place where the lion had fallen, and offering them to him said, "Here are the six white dogs you told me to bring." He then killed each dog by hitting it on the head.

The lion at once came to life and said to the man, "I have saved your life, and you can now go home in safety."

This myth is one of a class of traditions, of frequent occurrence, in which the fundamental thought is the escape of a man from one monster through the assistance of another supernatural being.

The white dog sacrifice played an important part in the ceremonies of the Iroquois and neighboring tribes. Among the Indians from which this myth was secured it was practised as late as 1819, when they ceded to the United States government the land surrounding the little farm reserves where they now live.

*Harlan I. Smith.*

GAMES OF CHILDREN IN LANCASTER, MASS.—The following games, formerly played in the town named, exhibit some variations from corresponding forms heretofore printed:—

(1) Two young people, a boy and a girl, were placed in opposite corners of the room, and required to advance toward each other, saying as they took a step forward: (The boy) "My old squaw, how I love you!" (The girl) "My old Indian, how I love you!" The fun consisted in efforts to make the couple laugh, when the like procedure would have to be repeated.

(2) The party is made to arrange itself in couples by a selection directed by the rhyme:—

I am a poor widow, I live all alone ;  
I have but one daughter (or son), and she (he) is my own :